



THE
First Part
OF THE
Vaux - Hall
CONCERT



Containing all the New SONGS Sung this Season at Vaux-Hall,

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|--|----------------------------------|
| I. ILL Affure Ye. | VIII. Pretty MOLLY. |
| II. MORE a new Song sung by mr, Lowe at Vanxhall | XI. Prithee Fool be Quiet. |
| III. Strephon and Molly. | X. The Lais of the Brook. |
| IV. The Maids Confession. | XI. Sung in Character of Iphigna |
| V. The INCURIOUS. | XII. The ANSWER. |
| VI. The Morning Air. | XIII. Charming SALLY. |
| VII. I Wonder what he Meant. | XIV. LOVE and Innocence. |
| | XV. KITT Y. |

I'll Assure Ye.

Young Collin fought my heart
to gain;

the Shepherd lost in Love,
Each morn he woo'd me on the
plain

each noon within the Grove,
et my denial still was this

phie, Man, I can't endure you,
And if he Offer'd but to Kiss

Such rudeness.—I'll assure you.

For twenty Yonths (not him alone
the amorous Flame confest,

And had I once been kind to one
i'm sure i'd lost the rest,

Besides, he us'd no pretty arts,
but sagely would allure me,

Whilst others talk'd of Flames,
and Darts

'Twas pretty —I'll assure you
My Face, my Form, was prais'd

aloud,
my Wit new Conquests fir'd,

And 'twas enough to make me
proud

To be so much admired,
At length reflection shew'd the

fate,
such Flattery might procure me

And Virtue warn'd to shun the
bait,

Nor vainly —I'll assure you.

Young Collin went in vain to
Plead,

To merit now so clear
By my Example learn ye Fair

to prize the Youth sincere.

We instant join'd the nuptial tie,
he Raptur'd to ensure me,

And trust me, Damsels when
you try,

'Twill charm ye —I'll assure you

M O R E, A New S O N G

Would you think it my duck
now my fault is my own,

That at length your poor Jenny
is covetous grown,

A Million of Fortunes
wou'd lavishly pour.

That I must be wretched
if I have not—more.

That I must &c.
Mamma she cries Jenny

why make ye this ado
You may have a Husband

perhaps Child you may two;
I pouted I whimper'd

I fretted and swore,
I wou'd not have One

if I cou'd not have—more
I wou'd not &c.

The Giant poor Devil
has just now been here,

He has Offer'd to settle
Eight Hundred a Year,

I answer'd the Fellow
as I did once before,

You know that won't do Sir,
for I must have—more

You know that &c.
As gay as I am

I cou'd spend half my days
In dances in Operas

Redottos and Plays,
That at length your poor Jenny

her fate may deplore
I still must be wretched

if I have not—more



't's the same thing with Pleasure, When on the gay green he disco-
 with Money and Man, ve'd his Molly.
 And I think I shall never Oh he was Joyous, and bob-
 be happy agan. bish, and Jolly,
 I have Lovers I have Soitors When on the gay Green he
 I have danglers great store. discover'd his Molly.
 But like a true Woman Brisk Molly she came along the
 I still sigh for --- more. green,
 But like a true &c. As fine as a Horse, or a ginger-
 I Swear I Vow bread queen.
 and solemnly Protest, Young Strephon went tober, and
 For a Suiter has never made a low bow,
 Once enter'd my Breast, And he look'd if so be --- he
 I would not envy cou'd not tell how.
 a Miser his Store With that they began, without
 I had but enough any pother,
 for myself and One --- more. Of talking of this, and of that
 If I had &c. and of rother,
 Now you'll wonder my fair ones And tho' she wou'd pish, and
 who this Charmer can be, and would cry—let me goe
 Whose Favours has boasted Yet he press'd her likewise, and
 such a Conquest with me, he squeez'd her a so.
 You would fain know h's Name, The Moral.
 I have told you before Come all ye young Youths of St
 It begins with an M, Laurence's Parish,
 I dare not say --- more. Who love every Thing that i
 It begins with an M, &c. finish and rash;
 Oh—The same is intitled Stre- " Be Joyous, and buxom, and
 phon and Molly, an excellen bobbish, and jolly,
 New Bawl it, as sung by Bels " Sing—Molly and Strephon,
 Tatter, at the Corner of Blow- " and Molly.
 bladder street.

Young Strephon he went to-
 ther Day to the Wake,
 For some Huckle-my-buff and
 a gingerbread Cake,
 But oh he was Joyous, and bob-
 bish, and Jolly,

One TIME or OTHER,
 Or the Maids Confession,

Blithe Colin's blest art
 has bewitch'd my young
 heart
 And trust me there's place for
 nene other
 Should he once cease to woe,
 What must scorn'd Molly do?

For there's not in the world
such another.

No lad on the plain

Sure can pipe like my swain;
So sweetly can carrol no other's

Oh! how oft in the vale,

Have I heard a soft tale,

And by moon-light he'll tell me
another.

Wit beauty and truth,

All beseech the sweet youth,

And periwinkle me my Love not

no smother,

He has riches in store.

Yet he courts me tho' poor

Nay he wears that he doats on

no other.

Should he chance to proclaim

To the Shepherd his flame

They'd envy and make a great

pothor.

Let the nymphs drife or rail,

All their Malice will trail

In spite I will think on no other.

To the church on the brow

He once pointed I vow,

Then with kisses did almost me

no smother.

Not a word could I say,

But I long for the day,

Oh! he'll marry me one time

or other.

THE INCURIOUS.

GIVE me but a Wife, I expect

not to find

Each virtue and grace in one fe-

male combin'd,

No goddess for me, tis a woman

I prize,

And he that seeks more is more
curious than wife.

No Goddess, &c.

Be she young, she's not stubborn

but easy to mould,

Or she claims my respect, like a

Mother, it old

Thus either can please me, since

Women I prize,

And he that, &c.

Like Venus she ogles, if wanton

her eye,

blind she, thro' give of Mind

cannot spy,

Thus either is lovely, for woman

I prize, And he that, &c.

If rich be my bride, she brings

tokens of love,

If poor, the farther from pride's

my remove,

Thus either contents me, for

woman I prize,

And he that, &c.

I ne'er shall want converse in

tongue she possess,

And if more did the rarity please

me less;

I'm suited to either for Woman

I prize,

And he that, &c.

Then cease ye prophane on the

Sex to descent,

If you've Wit to discern, no per-

fection they want,

Each Fair can make happy, if

Woman prize,

And he that seeks more is more

curious than wife.

I Wonder what he MEANT.

Sung by Miss Stevenson at
Vaux-Hall.

WHEN Damon first my
my Eyes beheld,
My heart with secret transport
thrill'd

And pit a pat it went.

Young artless innocent and shy,
So unexperienc'd was I,

I wonder'd wh't he meant, &c.
When e'er I met him on the
Plain

He'd kiss me, sigh, and kiss
And sweetest Tales invent:

And then he'd tell me he must
die,

But as I saw no danger nigh
I wonder'd what he meant.

To Nymphs whom Years had
had wiser made,

I told the tender things he said
And of his sad Complaint;

Full well the tender Things they
know,

For they like me had heard 'em soo
Nor wonder'd what they meant.

They answer'd Love had touch'd
my Heart

That Damon, by his Sex's Art
Might cause me to repent;

And that I should desire the Swain
To tell me, when we met again

If he to wed me meant.
Rejoic'd such good advice to find

I tript to let him know my Mind,
Across the Mead intent;

I told him I did not design,
With me in Hymen's bands to join

I wonder'd what he meant.
The Youth whose Love was

aw'd by Fear,
Grew 'Raptur'd such sweet

Sounds to hear
Strait to the Church we went.

How Wise we all by Marriage
grew;

Tho' foolish once, yet now I
know,

I know what Damon meant.

PRETTY MOLLY.

A Nymph there lives, whom
many a Swain,

Has sigh'd for oft but sigh'd in
vain,

Of proud but handsome Molly.
Of proud but handsome Molly.

The charms that deckt this fa-
v'rite Maid,

In Verse and Prose were found
and said

For Wits will Write, and Beauties
may read,

Oh happy happy Molly.
Too long Conquer'd, the vain fair

Time, that ev'n Beauty scorns
to spair,

Stole o'er the Eye, the Cheeks,
the Hair

Of silly heedless Molly.
Unheeded now at Ball or Play,

She hates the Pretty blames the
gay,

Ah! who one tender Thing will
To poor deserted Molly.

Yet still she ling'ring haunts the
Scene

Where once she acted Beauty's
Queen,

And ev'ry simple heart had been
The slave of Tyart Molly.

At Length with fruitless Hope
worn out
She quits the giddy youthful rout
And turns so monitrously devout
No Saint was e'er like Molly.

Prithee FOOL be Quiet

YOUNG Collin sought to win
my Heart,
and Woo'd as Lover; Wood
I vers'd in all our Sexes art
Did just as Maidens do,
What e'er he'd sigh, what e'er
he'd Vow,

I'd study to be shy at
And when he preit his Fate to
know

Twas prithee Fool be quiet.

Month after Month of amorous
pain

He made a mighty fuss,

Why if you know one loves a
Swain

Tis wrong to say one does,

He told me Passion could not
Live

without more pleasing Diet

And pray what answer could I
give,

but prithee Fool be quiet.

At length he made a bold essay
and like a Man he cry'd

Thy hand my dear, this very day
I shall Celia be my Bride

Couvinced he would hrve tiezed
me still

I could not well denye it
And now believe me when I will

make the Fool be quiet.

The Lads of the BROOK.

ON a Brook grassy briuk,
in the Willows cool Shade,
The Primroses pressing
reclin'd a fair Maid,

She Por'd o'er the Stream

thar limp'd idly along,

Well pleas'd saw herself

thar limp'd idly along,

Well Pleas'd saw herself

and thus tun'd her soft Song.

Well Pleas'd, &c

Tho' the Squires fine sweet heart

should Look in the Stream,

If the Crystall tells

more comely I seem,

What's the Daisy the Peach

or the Strawberry dye,

With White and Red blooming

more comely am I.

With, &c.

As oft thro' the Church Yard

on Sunday I read,

While gaping Louts grinning

o'er Tombstones are tread,

With Raptures they praise me,

I keep on my Way,

And down Looking seem

not to hear what they say.

And, &c.

Each knocking Swain

Loudly protest I am Fair,

Yet none can Delight me

till Strephon I hear,

Speed your search thrill

Sougters till Strephon you see

Then tell him he stay'd for

He stay'd for by me.

A New SONG, in the sacrifice of Iphigenia. Set by Mr. And Fancy Form adore,
A R N E.

HOW sweet are the Flowers, No more ye'd prate of Hybla's
How lovely the Spring. Hill,

How gaudy the Pride of the Where Bees their Honey Sip
Grove, Did ye but know the Sweets
that dwell

How Wanton the Air is On Sally's Love taught Lip:

the Birds how they Sing, But Oh! take heed, ye tuncful
And Cherrup and Cherrup Swains
lost measures of Love,

And Cherrup, &c. The ripe Temptation shun;
Yet not of themselves Or else Like me you'd wear her
the gay Beauties can please. Chain,

We only can taste Like me, you'd be undone.

When the Heart is at Ease, Once in my Cott secure I slept;
We only can taste, &c. Where Love's (corn'd Shepherds

The Flowers wou'd Weather Stray, speak,

the Spring have an End, Here to the Winds my Griefs I
The Pride of the Grove speak,

We'd decay, Sighing my Soul away

The Air Wou'd be Noxious, Nought but despair my Fancy
the Birds but offend Paints

If my Parent my Ring Were No dawn of Hope I see,

away, For Sally's pleas'd at my Com-
plaints

In my Parent. &c. And Laughs at Love and me:

For not of themselves Since this my poor neglected
the vain Pageant can please, Lambs

We only can Taste So Late my on'y Care,

When the Heart is at Ease, Have Left their fondling fleecy
We only can taste, &c. Dams,

CHARMING SALLY. And stray'd I know not Where.

As! my Ewes in vain ye
Bleat,

Sung by Mr. Lowe at Vauxhall. My Lambkins Lost, adieu!

SURE Sally is the Loveliest No more we on the Plain shall
Lass meet

That e'er gave Shepherds Glee, For Lost's your Shepherd too

Not Mayday in the morning dress
Is half so fair as she,

A New Song, called Love and He tells me no Nymph is so charming as me.

Met in our Village a Swain
The other Day,

He stopp'd me and begged a mo-
ment to stay;

Then blush'd and in Language
I neer heard before

He told much of Love, of Love
of Love

And some Pains that he bore; and
some Pains that he bore

But what was his meaning I know
not I vow;

Yet alas my poor Heart, alas my
poor Heart,

I cannot tell how, I cannot tell
how.

Each nothing the Jessamine, Vio-
let and Rose,

He brings me with ev'ry sweet
blower that grows

The sweetest and gayest he picks
from the rest

And begs me to wear the fine
Things in my Breast.

At my Feet the young Shepherd
for ever I see

Protesting he never lov'd any but
me,

He gazes with transport, and
kisses me too

And swears that he'll ever be con-
stant and true.

When I see the big tears stream-
ing quick from his eyes,

And kissing my hand into a thou-
sand sad sighs;

No Shepherd alive so unhappy
as he.

Alas why to me does the Shep-
herd complain,

And say my bright Eyes was the
cause of his Pain;

K I T T Y,

New S O N G.

Dearest Kitty! kind and fair
Tell me when and tell me
where

Tell thy fond and faithful Swain,
When we thus shall meet again

Where shall Strephon fondly see
Beauty only found in thee?

Kiss thee, press thee, toy and
play

all the happy live-long Day
Dearest Kitty! kind and fair,

Tell me when, and tell me
where.

all the happy Day, 'tis true,
Bless'd, but only then with you

Nightly Strephon sighs alone,
Sighs till thy men makes us one

Tell me, then and ease my pain,
Tell thy fond and faithful Swain

When the Priest shall kindly
join

Kitty's trembling Hand to mine,
Dearest Kitty? kind and fair,

Tell me when, ——— I care
not where.

